

POETRY.

HAPPINESS.

For happiness long have I sought,
As through the bleak world I have stray'd;
A phantom—'tis fleetier than thought,
And false as the heart that betray'd.

Unconscious of sorrow or pain,
I sought it in pastimes of youth;
Nor dreamt but it e'er would remain,
Till manhood unfolded the truth.

I sought—where it ne'er can be found—
The gay, witching smiles of the Fair;
Ah, woman! thou sorely did'st wound—
Thy faithfulness whelm'd in Despair.

I sought it in Riot's gay throng,
Where cater'd the goblet and bowl;
I listed the Bacchanal's song,
And drank with a full flowing soul.

'Tis past—like a meteor's glare,
That pierces the darkness of night—
That continually glides through the air,
It flashes—'tis lost to the sight.

I'll seek the vain spectre no more—
No longer I'll weep at her flight;
I'll wend to some desolate shore,
And plunge in the darkness of night.

"Who is this that cometh from Edom?
With dyed garments from Bozrah! Lie
that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in
the greatness of his strength."—ISAIAH.

By Dr. SPENCER, Archdeacon of Bermuda.

Days are gone,—by many a token
Long foretold, but slighted yet,
Now the seventh last seal is broken
And the sun in blood is set.

All the powers of Heaven are shaken,
Ocean yet suspends its roar,
While the Eternal oath is taken,
"Time itself shall be no more."

Hark! what voice of more than thunder
Fills the wide expanse of air;
Mid the purple clouds asunder
See the Son of man appear!

Rob'd in Bozrah's garments gory
Edom's colors round him spread,
Travelling from the heights of Glory
In his strength the Earth to tread.

Not despis'd, forlorn, rejected,
As on Calvary's mount he stood,
By his timid friends neglected,
"In the vesture dipp'd in blood."

By his Seraph-guards attended
Down he bends his Sovereign way;
At that Light of Lights offended,
Sun, and Moon, and Stars decay.—

One known tongue to every nation
Strikes the ear, and bursts the tomb,
Each long slumbering generation
Wakes to individual doom.

Midst that host of sinners crowded,
Not one deed of guilt conceal'd;
Every wicked act unshrouded,
Every shameful thought reveal'd.

Where is now the bold blasphemer?
Palsied is his daring tongue;
While he looks on that Redeemer,
Whom his impious words have stung.

If the best, thy great salvation
Must attain with trembling fear;
Lord and Judge of all creation,
Where shall sinful man appear?

God of Love! and mercies tender,
Stern to vice, to weakness mild,
Teacher, Saviour, Sire, Defender,
Save, oh! save thy suppliant child!

By the claims which saints inherit
From thy blood for converts pour'd
By thy all-prevailing Spirit,
By thy covenanted word.

By thy tears—in sorrow weeping,
Over harden'd sinners' doom,
Take me to thy gracious keeping,
Lead me to thy glorious home.

THE HUNTSMAN.

A TRADITIONAL TALE: BY MISS M. L. BEEVOR.

"The merciful man is merciful to his beast,"
"The worm we tread upon will turn again."

Charles, the chief huntsman of Baron Mortimer, was undeniably a very handsome young man, the beau ideal of the lover, as pictured by the glowing imagination of

maidens, and the beau ideal of a dozen villages in the vicinity of Mortimer Castle.— Yet, was his beauty not amiable, but rather calculated to inspire terror and distrust, than affection and confidence; in fact, a bandit may be uncommonly handsome; but by the fierce, haughty character of his countenance, the fire which flashes from his eyes, and the contempt which curls his mustachioed lip, create fear, instead of winning regard, and this was the case with Charles. One, however, of these maidens, unto whom it was the folly and vanity of his youth to pay general court, conceived for him a passion deep and pure, which in semblance, at least, he returned; but how far to answer his own nefarious purposes, for Charles Elliott was a godless young man, we shall hereafter discover.

Annette Martin was the daughter of a small farmer who resided about a mile and a half from the Castle; but, being the tenant of Lord Mortimer, had not only frequent occasion to go there himself with the produce of his farm, (for which the Castle was a ready market,) but also to send his daughter Annette. Thus then commenced that innocent girl's acquaintance with the Baron's chief huntsman, not long after Elliott's induction into that office, by the resignation of his superannuated predecessor.

Strange rumours were afloat respecting the conduct of Charles; none of which, it is to be presumed, met the Baron's ears, or assuredly the deprivation of his office would have followed. But Lord Mortimer was a young man, paying his addresses to a young lady who lived at some distance from the Castle, and consequently much absent from it. And, what said pretty Annette to the rumours which failed not to reach her ear, of her lover's misconduct? "I don't believe a word of them! Charles may be fonder of pleasure than business, but he is a young man; by and bye he will see and feel the necessity of steady application to the duties of his situation, and become less mild and more manly;" "never," would be solemnly enunciated by Annette's auditors. "As to the charge," would she undauntedly continue, "brought against him of cruelty to the dogs under his care it is an abominable falsehood; Elliott may be passionate I don't say he is not, but he is generous and humane. I have never seen him scourge the hounds, as you tell me he does, until the blood drops from their mangled hides; I never have heard the cries, which you say resound from their kennels day and night: cries of pain and hunger."

"And have you never seen," would ask some well-meaning tale bearer, "any of those poor brutes, whose vealed and mangled coats, proclaimed how savagely they had been treated?"

"I have indeed seen," would answer Annette, "dogs lacerated by the wild boars, with which the castle forests abound."

"And have you never observed the miserable skin-and-bone plight of my lord's hounds?"

"They are not thinner, Charles says, than most hounds in good training: when dogs get fat, they become lazy, lose the faculty of finding game, and the inclination of bringing it down."

"Dogs it is true, ought not to be pampered and surfeited, but they ought to be fed." Upon this, Annette would vehemently maintain that fed they were, and amply, as she had seen Elliott cut up their meat; whilst the friendly news-monger would charitably hint that her intended knew as well as most men how to turn an honest penny, by cheating the dogs of their food, and selling it elsewhere.

Annette cared little for innuendos which she attributed chiefly to malice and illnature. None are so difficult to convince, as those who are obstinately deaf to conviction, and there is an idolatry of affection which sometimes burns fonder and deeper, as its object is contemned and despised by the world.—Annette had some idea, that these, and other reports to the prejudice of Charles, originated with an unsuccessful rival, though poor William Curry, amiable, single-minded and goodhumoured as he was, never breathed in her presence, a syllable to the disparagement of Elliott.

Time sped, and upon an occasion when Lord Mortimer returned for a week or two to his Castle, the conduct of his chief huntsman was reported to him; but Charles with consummate art, so vindicated himself, and so contrived to disgrace his accusers, that when the young baron again left home, he stood higher perhaps than ever in his confidence and favour.

It was the bright summer-time, the period when rural folks make holiday, (at least they did so then, but times have strangely altered of late in once merry England,) the woods put on their brightest green, and the people their finest clothes, for there were wakes, fairs, and rustic meetings innumerable in the vicinity of the Castle. Charles the huntsman might, as usual, be seen at these fetes for nothing, but after his late victory, he carried his head higher, assumed a swaggering gait, and looked his neighbours out of countenance with impudent defiance.

The village feasts were not yet over, when late one night, a cavalier passing through

one of the great forests which surrounded Mortimer Castle, beheld, (for it was a moon-light night,) a female form slowly sauntering about the bridle-way in which he was riding and uttering heavy moans and sobs. At first taking this figure for something supernatural the traveller was startled, but quickly recovered himself, he rode boldly up to, and addressed the object of his idle fears:—"I have been waiting here for hours," replied the young woman, for such indeed she was, and my friend is not yet come; I am sadly afraid, sir, some accident may have happened him."

"Him?" quoth the stranger laughing. "O my good girl, if you be waiting for a gentleman, no wonder you're disappointed. He has played you false, rely upon it, and won't come to-night—so you had better go home."

"O sir!—O my Lord!—I cannot—I dare not! what would father and mother say, and what could I say?"

"Ay—Annette, — Annette Martin, what could you say?"

"Only the truth, your lordship," replied the poor girl sobbing, and curtsying, "and then they'd turn me out of doors, for they do so hate Charles,—Charles Elliott your honour,—that they've as good as sworn, as they'll never consent to my marrying him, and so—and so—I was just waiting here to-night for him to come as he promised he would, and take me away to the far off town, and"

"And there marry you I suppose, without your father and mother's consent;—eh Annette?"

"Yes my lord, an please you," replied the girl with another rustic dip.

"No, Annette," replied the young baron, "it does not quite please me; and Charles, at any rate, unless some very unforeseen circumstance should have detained him, shall know what I think of his present conduct. But come,—mount behind me,—I am unexpectedly returning to the Castle, Dame Trueby shall there make you comfortable for to-night; your parents and friends shall never know but that your absence from home was occasioned by a regular visit to her, and your marriage in two or three days with my sanction Annette, will I think, completely settle matters."

The urbane young baron alighting, assisted Annette to mount his noble steed, who though overwhelmed by his kindness, refused to listen to all the consolation or banterings, with which he endeavoured to cheer her on her way to Castle Mortimer, choosing rather to believe that some dreadful accident had befallen her lover, than that carelessness or perfidy caused his absence. Dame Trueby's account was little calculated to soothe Annette's anxiety, or to satisfy Lord Mortimer respecting Elliott's proceedings.

"I have not seen Charles," said she, "since early this morning, when I heard him say he was going to feed the hounds, poor creatures! and time enough that he left them without a morsel for a whole day and night, whilst he was capering away at Woodcroft Feast; and then,—the beast!—what does he, but comes back so dead drunk that we were forced to carry him up to bed; meanwhile the hungry brutes, poor dumb souls, just ready to eat one another, have been fit to raise the very dead with their barking, and ramping and yowling."

"A sad account this Margery."

"A very true one, please your lordship," replied the old housekeeper testily.

"I don't doubt it," returned Lord Mortimer, "but cannot at this time of night, dame with Charles absent, and this young woman his intended wife, wanting some refreshment and a bed, (for which indeed I have ample need myself,) make any enquiry into the affair. Let Elliott call me in the morning instead of More, do you meanwhile make this young woman as comfortable as you can, and recollect Mrs Trueby, that she is come to the Castle upon a visit to you."

Margery curtsyed, and "yessed," and "very welled," with apparent submission, but though she dared not express her thoughts it was easy to read in her ample countenance sad suspicions, relative to the honour of her noble master, and of the forlorn damsel thus thrust upon her peculiar hospitality.—"And," continued Lord Mortimer, "Charles, you are sure, fed the dogs this morning?"

"Don't know my lord, I'm sure," replied the old housekeeper, doggedly, I suppose he did, and belike beat 'em too; I only know they've been quiet all day, which it stands to reason they wouldn't have been without witals; but Master Elliott I have not seen since."

"Not since early this morning, and 'tis now midnight! where can he be?"

"The Lord knows, sir! after no-good I doubt, for he's a wild lad, and these fairs and dances fairly turn his brain."

Little further passed that night between the young lord and his housekeeper; after taking some refreshment he retired to rest, and poor Annette also sought, under the auspices of circumspect Mistress Margery, repose in Castle Mortimer, little anticipating the singularly dreadful disclosure of the ensuing morning. Charles, in fact, not having

returned, one of the inferior serving-men,—who durst not, now that his master was at home, stand upon the punctilio of "not my business," undertook soon after dawn to see to the bounds in his stead; when upon opening the door of the large enclosure in which they were kept, he there beheld to his unutterable consternation and horror, the mangled remnants of the careless and cruel Huntsman: these consisted of his clothes torn in strips, and dyed in blood, with fragments sufficient of flesh and bone to attest the hideous fact, that the ravenous brutes had, after their last long fast sprung upon their tormentor, (awful retribution!) even at the very moment when he appeared amongst them with their long delaved meal, torn him in pieces, and devoured him!

Lord Mortimer though he could not in conscience blame his canine favourites, nor forbear regarding his huntsman's fate as a signal instance of the retributive justice of Providence, felt himself obliged to destroy the whole pack, after their ferocious feast on human flesh; and with tears in his eyes, he forced himself to witness their execution, lest the cupiditv or misjudging kindness of any of his retainers, should induce them to mitigate the culprit's doom. The horrid story spread far and wide, and one of its earliest results was the appearance at Castle Mortimer of a poor woman and three young children, who stated in an agony of grief, that she was the lawful wife of the deceased Charles Elliott, whom he had maintained in a distant town, unto whom his visits, when off duty at the Castle, were sometimes paid, and who with her children, being suddenly bereaved by his awful demise of their sole hope and support, now humbly threw themselves upon the benevolence of Lord Mortimer for employment and subsistence!

The grief and confusion of poor Annette Martin, upon this discovery of black villainy meditated against her by the unprincipled huntsman, and upon its miraculous and awful frustration may be imagined; yet had it also a beneficial influence; for whilst shuddering at the fearful end of the wretch who had plotted her destruction, her once fond affection was converted into bitter hatred; and ere long, blessing and thanking God for her miraculous preservation, and casting the very memory of the deceiver from her heart she was, without much difficulty, persuaded to become the wife of William Curry, her once rejected, but really worthy and amiable admirer.

EAST INDIA BURIAL SERVICE.

During the funeral ceremony, which is solemn and affecting, the Brahmins address the respective elements, in words to the following purport:—

O Earth! to thee we commend our brother: Of thee he was formed, by thee he was sustained, and unto thee he now returns.

O Fire! thou hast claimed our brother: during life, he subsisted by thy influence in nature: to thee we commit his body, thou emblem of purity. May his spirit be glorified.

O Air! while the breath of life continued our brother respired by thee: his last breath is now departed unto thee we yield him.

O water thou didst contribute to the life of our brother: thou wast one of his sustaining elements. His remains are now dispersed. Receive thy share of him who has now taken an everlasting flight.

BLUNDER AFTER BLUNDER.—In a debate on the Leather Tax, in 1795, in the Irish House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Sir John P.—) observed, with great emphasis, "that in the prosecution of the present war, every man ought to give his LAST GUINEA to protect the REMAINDER."—Mr. Vandellure said, "that however that might be, the Tax on Leather would be SEVERELY FELT BY THE BAREFOOTED PEASANTRY OF IRELAND." To which Sir Boyle Roche replied, "that this could be easily remedied, by making the UNDER-LEATHERS OF WOOD."

THE DOUBLE BLUNDER.—A gentleman gave orders for a pair of Boots; and when his measure was taken, he observed to the Boot-maker, that as one of his legs was bigger than the other, the Boots must be made accordingly; when they were brought home he put the big Boot on the small leg, and after trying in vain the small Boot on the big leg, he exclaimed, Oh you thief of the world, I ordered you to make one Boot bigger than the other, and instead of this, you have one smaller than the other."

THE IRISH DRUMMER.—An Irish Drummer once executing his duty of flogging an Irish recruit, the poor sufferer, as is customary in those cases, cried Strike high! strike high! The drummer, to oblige his countryman, did as was requested, but the fellow still continuing to roar out, "Stop your bellying (cried rub-a-dub) there is no plasing you, strike where one will.

OIL.—Both rape-oil, and olive-oil were used in ancient cookery, as appears from the provision brought for Archbishop Warban's dinner.